



B O N N Y

Helen Symon.

THere are three lads into t his braes,
they care for neither friends no faes,
They made an oath to take her frae us,
I do mean Helen Symon,
What bold attempt they did begin,
To steal a bride from a' her kin,
They brake the house and then went in,
Out thro' the wa' they brought her,
They hoist her up npon a mare,
For all her friends they did not fear.
All was for greed of wordly gear,
With beauty skin, and feature.
They took their march straight up Dee-side
Upon a mare had Symon's bride,
With many a doleful loup and stride,
Arriv'd at the mill town.
From the mill town to Allan a Whych,
For they drank whisky in a quaich,
For honour of Helen Symon.
There's four of us hath made vow,
Together if we keep it true,
There's George Keith, which you well ken,
Donald M'Markie just the same.
Callum M'Cowan and Jamie Bayne.
Take him who best doth please you,
Then came George up that same night,
He was at Dalmoir or fair daylight,
Crying rise and read these letters,
Mr. Lewis up he rose,
In a great hast put on his cloaths
And down to allana Whych he goes,
To see what was the matter.
Then Mr. Lewis went aside,
And call'd for that welfar'd bride,
And said my dear if thou wilt bide,
I'll show to you some kindness.
Any of these lads is rich enough,
Each of them can yoke a plough,
Then Helen turn'd about and leugh,
Said Sir, I must deny them.
Then Mr. Lewis did contrive,
How he should hold this man alive,
And said to George he must subscribe,
A bond of sure protection.
Then out spake that welfar'd dame,
And said Sir, I am at hame,
I think indeed I were to blame,
If I beguile my dearest.
Then George and Helen went away,
Down Dee-side as I hear say,
Crying bridegroom come away,
And let us quickly marry.
Then straight unto the kirk they go,
And to the kirk on Sabbath night
For they were married gin fair day-light,
I wish them joy for ever.